

*The history*

Of her ore-eaten faith, are giuen to *Diomed*,  
*Vlis*. May worthy *Troilus* be halfe attached  
 With that which heere his passion doth expresse?  
*Troy*. I Greeke, and that shall be divulged well  
 In Characters as red as *Mars* his heart  
 Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did young man fancy  
 With so eternall and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greeke, as much I do *Cressid* loue,  
 So much by waight, hate I her *Diomed*:  
 That sleeue is mine, that heele beare on his Helme:  
 VVere it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill  
 My sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout  
 VVhich Shipmen do the hurricano call,  
 Constring'd in Masse by the almighty sunne  
 Shal dizzy with more clamour *Neptunes* eare, in his discent,  
 Then shall my prompted sword, falling on *Diomed*.

*Thier*. Heele ticle it for his concupie.

*Troy*. O *Cressid*, O false *Cressid*, false, false, false:  
 Let all vntruthes stand by thy stained name,  
 And theyle seeme glorious.

*Vlis*. O containe your selfe;  
 Your passion drawes eares hether.

*Enter Eneas.*

*Aene*. I haue beene seeking you this houre my Lord:

*Hektor* by this is arriv'd him in *Troy*:

*Ajax* your guard frayes to conduct you home.

*Troy*. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adiew,  
 Farewell reuoulted faire: and *Diomed*  
 Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

*Vlis*. Ile bring you to the gates.

*Troy*. Accept distracted thanks.

*Exeunt Troyl. Eneas and Vlis.*

*Ther*. VVould I could meete that roague *Diomed* I would  
 croke like a Rauen, I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus*  
 will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the  
*Parrot* will not do more for an almond then he for a commo-  
 dious drab: Lechery, lechery, still warres and lechery, nothing  
 else holds fashion, A burning diuell take them. *Exit.*

*Enter*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Enter Hector and Andromache.*

*And*. When was my Lord so much vngently temperd,  
 To stop his eares against admonishment:  
 Vnarme, vnarme, and do not fight to day.

*Hekt*. You traine me to offend you, get you in,  
 By all the enerlasting gods Ile go.

*And*. My dreames will sure prooue ominous to the day.

*Hekt*. No more I say.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Cas*. Where is my brother *Hektor*?

*And*. Here sister, arm'd and bloody in intent,  
 Consort with me in lowd and deere petition,  
 Pursue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt  
 Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
 Hath nothing beene but shapes and formes of slaughter.

*Cas*. O tis true.

*Hekt*. Ho? bid my trumpet sound.

*Cres*. No notes of sallie for the heauens sweete brother.

*Hekt*. Begon I say, the gods haue heard me sweare,

*Cas*. The gods are deafe to horte and pceuish vowes,  
 They are pollute offerings more abhord,  
 Then spotted liuers in the sacrifice.

*And*. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,  
 It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,  
 But vowes to euery purpose must not hold:  
 Vnarme sweet *Hektor*.

*Hekt*. Hold you still I say,  
 Mine honor keepes the weather of my fate:  
 Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man,  
 Holds honor farre more precious deere then life,

*Enter Troilus.*

How now yong man, meanest thou to fight to day.

*And*. *Cassandra* call my father to perswade. *Exit Cassan.*

*Hekt*. No faith yong *Troilus*, doste thy harnesse youth,  
 I am to day ith' vaine of chiuallrie,  
 Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,  
 And tempt not yet the brushhes of the warre.  
 Vnarme thee go, and doubt thou not braue boy,

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